

LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

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THE RALLY 'ROUND THE ICE-WAGON.

Ice becomes a common necessity of life in the torrid season between June and October. If the demand for it in our crowded cities is enormous, the supply is inexhaustible, and its cheapness places it within the reach of all. For the very poor, who cannot afford to buy, in New York, there is the Free Ice Fund of one of the great daily newspapers, whose proprietor generously devotes to the good work a portion of the money intrusted to him by charitable subscribers for that purpose. The ice-wagon, cool and dripping, is a cherished American institution, and its daily passage through the tenement district is hailed with delight by the entire population, as shown in the accompanying picture.

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The Prairie States.

THE history of civilization and the record of empire-making contain no such amazing story of vast and swift development as that which is briefly told by the foremost of British statisticians, Mr. Mulhall, of the growth of the "Prairie States" of the United States in the past forty years.

England added a greater area and an enormously larger population to her empire when India was made tributary to the throne, but this was done by conquest and successive subjugations extending through many years.

Russia is slowly developing an agricultural territory as large as, or larger than, that included in the Prairie States, but the condition of the majority of the Czar's subjects is not to be compared in any way with that of the vigorous, intelligent, and progressive citizenship that has created within forty years this splendid agricultural empire of the West.

It is a marvelous story. Take one group of States pre-eminently agricultural—Minnesota, Kansas, Nebraska, and the two Dakotas. Those who were school-children at the time of the Civil War can remember how vaguely the geographies described the region included in these States, and how those from the East who had journeyed thither were thought to have taken a wonderful trip into a far country. The white population in all that country was less than ten thousand when Buchanan became President. Today that population is not far from six millions, while the wealth produced there is in even greater proportion than the increase of population. Eight times as much grain—in some parts a vastly greater increase than that—and nearly four times greater meat product have come from this region, while land has been placed under subjugation so that it yields richly of the fruits of the earth, greater in area than the aggregate superficies of the German empire, Holland, Belgium, and Denmark—that is, all of Europe between the Rhine and Russia, and north of the Austrian empire.

It has been one of the greatest of peaceful and happy conquests, as it has been the swiftest, in all the world's history. It has added hundreds of millions to the permanent wealth of the United States, and it is now producing yearly products of the soil worth nearly two billion dollars.

It is of the highest importance, as assuring a continuance of these prosperous conditions, that the intelligence of the people is in proper ratio with their wealth-producing power. The illiterates in these Prairie States are fewer than in the Middle States, even less, proportionately, than in New England itself.

We have had in the past year abundant proof of the vigor and sturdy citizenship which prevails in the Prairie States, for although within the past twelve months a political campaign was carried on unprecedented in the demagogic and passionate appeals that were made especially to the citizens of these Prairie States, yet, when the battle was over, the people turned with energy to their farms, having faith in them—a faith justified by harvests marvelous in their abundance, upon which not only the United States, but in some measure the world, must rely for its food until the harvests of next year have been reaped.

College Money and Railroad Stocks.

TWO recent instances in the history of American colleges show very plainly that the rich men who left their bequests for educational institutions in railway stocks had not that length of human wisdom which great financiers are supposed to possess. When Johns Hopkins gave to the university that bears his name in Baltimore nearly four millions of dollars, a considerable part of it was in the stock of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. This stock was then worth nearly two hundred dollars a share, and was paying ten per cent. in dividends. But in the years that have passed a change has come. The stock is worth only about fifteen dollars a share, with no dividends, and the road is in the hands of receivers. Last year the rich men of Baltimore had to come together and provide a fund of about fifty thousand dollars a year in order to tide over this great university; but as this fund continues for only five years, there is very serious question as to its future support. A case even worse than this was that of Lehigh University, an institution of vast usefulness, founded upon, and depending upon, the fortunes of the Lehigh Valley road. So rich was it that no charge was made for tuition, and the story is

told that at one time its trustees declined the offer of one hundred thousand dollars because they had no use for it. But two years ago the Lehigh Valley Railroad ceased paying dividends, and the other day, in order to save the splendid college from absolute ruin, Governor Hastings, of Pennsylvania, signed a bill which had been passed by the Legislature, appropriating one hundred and fifty thousand dollars for its relief.

If you have money to give to an educational institution, place it in the discretion of the trustees for investment.

A Novel Phase of Literary Log-Rolling.

LITERARY statisticians compute that there are five thousand minor poets in the United States. Most of them are editors of magazines or other periodical publications—a condition necessary to insure their verses being printed. These busy little folk have many quaint and peculiar ways which repay observation. Their innocuous vanities and harmless sports afford infinite diversion to the philosophical.

An ingenious variation of that log-rolling exercise to which the main energies of the minor poets are devoted has come into vogue recently. It consists in making out lists of "the best ten lyric poems in the language"—the language being, presumably, English. The game is played by two partners, belonging to the same "school," coterie, contributors' union, or authors' club. For example, Mr. Blithering Bardling Smith, the young genius of the American aristocracy of the near future, selects nine lyrics from Shakespeare, Milton, Pope, Dryden, Scott, Byron, Shelley, Tennyson, and Browning, and a tenth one by his friend and associate, Mr. Doddering Dante Jones, the distinguished editor of the *Arctic Review*. Then, in the next month's *Arctic*, Editor Jones announces that in his judgment the ten immortal lyrics of English literature are Chaucer, Marlowe, Sir Philip Sidney, Gray, Collins, Keats, Poe, Swinburne, Kipling, and Mr. Blithering Bardling Smith. It is a delightful and inexpensive amusement, which tends to elevate the masses and stimulate the national growth in the *belles-lettres*.

We observe that in the South, where there are no magazines, the literary societies have taken up this noble sport of mutual selection. The *Atlanta Constitution* gives the following list of "the ten best poems in the English language," as the choice of the Billville district:

- "Punkin's Good Enough for Me."
- "When the Green is on the Melon."
- "The Old Red Hills of Georgia."
- "Candy-pullin' Time."
- "Me an' Betsey Jane."
- "Pollard's Lettle Gal."
- "When Nancy went to Meetin'."
- "Log-rollin' Bill."
- "Susan at the Ball."
- "Love an' Tater Pone."

This is a proud showing for Georgia, as the secretary of the Billville literary society declares that "all these poems was wrote by home folks."

The Elephant and the Mouse.

ONE of the latest writers on the atmosphere says: "A cyclone is an elephant, while a tornado is a mouse, and they differ just as much in other respects as these two animals." It must be admitted that the mouse which crawled over St. Louis in June of last year, and left behind it so much wreck and ruin and loss of life, was rather a lively one, but the illustration of the scientist is used to point out the vast difference between these kinds of atmospheric disturbances. Our own weather department, and those who have been genuinely interested in its work, have been seeking diligently to educate the great public to an understanding of these things, but somehow there is almost as much ignorance as ever, and the newspapers are always confounding the two terms. The mouse in this case is an active youngster from twenty to fourteen hundred feet wide, rotating with a velocity that sometimes reaches five hundred miles an hour, and running up a central shaft at a speed as high as a hundred miles an hour. This nimble mouse sweeps everything movable along with it, and cuts a clear lane through forests and fields. It begins in an irregularity in the flow of air, and after it starts whirling it grows on its own activity until it develops into a full-fledged tornado.

The elephant is, of course, much larger; it may be twenty miles wide, or any other distance up to three thousand miles. It has more curves than Mr. Rusie, and it circulates around a central area more rapidly than the affidavit figures of a modern daily newspaper. It is a large disk of moving air, cutting gigantic capers and carrying everything before it. Every few days we hear of one of these elephants performing in the West, and doing more damage than a Populist orator. There are cyclones in most parts of the world, but this country has to lead in this as well as in all other respects. In effete Europe their average speed is only fourteen miles an hour. In the free and breezy West their average speed is twenty-eight miles an hour, and they do not always keep down to the average, but too frequently attain that degree of effort which Bill Nye used to tell about. The particular cyclone had swept

away all the farmer had, including his family, his cattle, his crops, and his buildings. As he emerged from the wreck he took a long, earnest look at the situation, and then remarked: "Well, ain't this ridiculous?"

But the elephant is not ridiculous. He is a very costly and very unmerciful destroyer, and let us hope that the great West will not see much of him for many months to come!

The Love of Gold.

IN reaching out after every gold-mine that he can annex, John Bull shows the trend of human nature the world over. From the Venezuelan boundary dispute to the Transvaal raid the modern greed for gold repeats all past history. The centuries change and man changes somewhat with them, but the glitter of gold is the same through all the years, and it tempts governments as well as men.

The same old story is written over again and again, and still the sum of human wisdom is not increased. For the one chance favorite of fortune who becomes a millionaire over-night and is unhappy ever afterwards there are the thousands who strove and lost, who almost struck the golden streak, but failed at the last moment, and thus died of drink and disappointment. And not only that, but the ones who did win and who failed in the very surfeit of success tell what a tragedy this pursuit of gold means. The king of the South African mines a suicide; the man for whom Creede was named another suicide; and thus the record runs. Gold attracts, but it cannot satisfy, and so fickle are its results that the undeserving get the prizes and perish with them, while the deserving, who might use the wealth to real advantage, starve by the wayside.

It may be the just punishment of the fate which holds the scales equal. The normal man who pursues the even tenor of his way and adds to the total of human progress and the sum of human happiness fills small space in the newspapers and is content with duty well done. The gold-hunter has his day of notoriety, and then sinks into oblivion like poor Barnato. Of the two examples of human-kind, the normal man is the more useful man.

Making the Water Pure.

IN no department of research has there been larger gain within the past five or six years than in sanitation. It has been established by patient investigation and proof, what everybody seems to know, viz.: that there is no health without cleanliness. The improvement in the condition of the New York streets, for instance, has lowered the mortality rate so that Colonel Waring's White Wings, as his street-cleaners have been called, are literally saving human life in the great metropolis.

But of even greater importance, possibly, is the work that frees the drinking-water of large cities from its impurities. Five years ago Hamburg had an epidemic of cholera, which was traced to the pollution of the drinking-water taken from the river Elbe. There were nearly nine thousand deaths. Altona, just across the river, received its drinking-water from the same river, and yet there were extremely few cases of cholera. The explanation was that Altona passed the water through filter beds. Filtration of London's water supply reduced the death rate from typhoid fever eighty-six per cent. Filtration in Warsaw rid the city of typhoid, which had been extremely prevalent there. Ten cities of Europe have introduced filtration, with the immediate result of driving typhoid fever away. In this country, Lawrence, in Massachusetts, after suffering from several epidemics of typhoid, found health and immunity in a filter system. A writer on this subject has compiled the statistics of typhoid mortality of twenty-four cities of the world for four years. In New York, for instance, the rate per one hundred thousand was 30.4, while in Berlin it was only 8, in Vienna 7, in Rotterdam 5.2, and in The Hague 4.9—these four cities using filtered water. In Chicago the rate was as high as 84, in Washington 76.6, and the whole average of the cities using unfiltered water was many times higher than those using filtered water. The showing is so plain and so positive that there can be no doubt of the absolute value of filtration for large cities, for it would mean to a place like New York the saving of hundreds of lives every year.

Filtration removes ninety-eight per cent. of the bacteria, and this fact is being driven home to the understanding of the dwellers in large centres of population. There is no doubt that the next generation will see the drinking-water of cities brought through these immense sand filters and purified before it reaches the consumers.

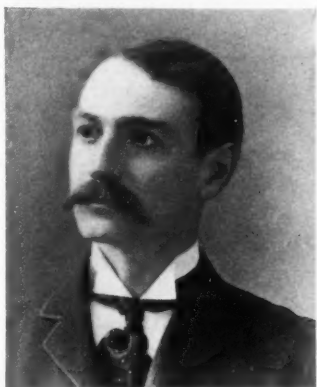


—THE adjective Catholic possesses an especial significance when associated with the name of such a man as Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul. Standing firmly upon the rock of St. Peter, he can yet meet with all men upon the common ground of Christian faith and charity; engrossed as he is with the multifarious cares of his extended see, he can still find time to take an interest in all that pertains to the welfare of the race. Certainly no man in all the wide Northwest is better known or more universally respected than is Archbishop Ireland, and that, too, by men of all creeds and by men of no creed. His sturdy Americanism, his patriotic utterances concerning the true relation of church to state, have indeed aided in making his name a familiar one, but the real secret of the man's power and influence lies in his character and personality. Meeting him for the first

time, he seems to differ not a whit, in carriage and appearance, from the ordinary parish priest; but once let the course of conversation leave the conventional channel and there is something in the eager touch of his hand upon your arm, in the sudden lighting up of the strongly-marked Celtic lineaments, that reveals him as he is—a man among men.

—Mr. Herbert Putnam, librarian of the Boston Public Library, has returned from the European trip begun last May. While abroad, Mr. Putnam attended the international convention of librarians, which convened in London, July 12th. After discharging his duties as a delegate to the convention, Mr. Putnam ran over to the continent, visiting the principal cities of France, Germany, and Italy. Of course Mr. Putnam inspected all the great libraries in his path, and he returns to Boston prouder than ever of the great institution over which he presides with so much skill. "I did not find any one in my travels," said Mr. Putnam, in telling of his trip, "who did not know about the Boston Public Library, and speak of it in the highest terms. Many persons surprised me in the knowledge they displayed about the particular things, such as Chavannes's work and the marble stairway. Considering the fact that continental cities do not lack monumental buildings, I consider this a great compliment to our library." In London Mr. Putnam made a valuable purchase for the library, buying a bound set of the *London Times*, dated from 1809 to the present day. In Florence and Rome and other picture centres Mr. Putnam bought for the library thousands of unmounted photographs.

—Four years ago Miss Maude Burke, of Chicago, was a belle of New York and Newport. She was many times a million-



MR. HERBERT PUTNAM.



LADY BACHE CUNARD.

heired, and she was not undeservedly called a beauty. Like many other American girls, she was ambitious; so when Prince Poniatowski asked her hand in marriage she accepted readily. The titles of prince and princess sound very sweet to republican ears. But even ambition becomes disgusted with avowed fortune-seeking, and when Miss Burke learned the purely commercial basis upon which the marriage was to be contracted she broke the engagement and went abroad. In 1895 she met and was married to Sir Bache Cunard. If not a brilliant alliance, it has proved a very happy one, and Lady Bache Cunard holds an excellent position in London society. The baronetcy was created in 1859, and the present Sir Bache is the third baronet, the first baronet having been the founder of the Cunard line of steamships. Sir Bache is forty-seven years old, a man of fine education and cultivated tastes. Lady Cunard is a blonde, with a remarkably fine figure and perfect taste in dress. The Cunards have a country seat and a residence at Nevill Holt, Market Harborough.

—Charles Sumner Hamlin, of Massachusetts, ex-Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, was hardly out of the Treasury Department when President McKinley made him a member of the seal fisheries commission. Only a few weeks ago English and American diplomats were thrown into confusion over the publication of what they regarded as an undiplomatic letter on the seal question, sent to the English government, and signed by John Sherman, Secretary of State. Considerable mystery seems to have been thrown around the authorship of the document by the Washington gossips, but the best-informed think that the letter was drafted by Mr. Foster, of the commission, from material furnished by Commissioner Hamlin. Mr. Hamlin has given the seal question much time and study. During his connection with the Treasury Department Mr. Hamlin went to Alaska and made a thorough personal investigation of the subject. Mr. Hamlin recently entertained Secretary Gage, of the Treasury Department, at his charming country home at Marion, Cape Cod, just across from Buzzard's Bay, the home of his former chief and political idol, Mr. Cleveland. Just now the Massachusetts gold Democrats are talking of running Mr. Hamlin for Governor next fall.

—In the second regular meeting for the amateur golf championship of the United States, held upon the Shinnecock Hills course last July, the runner-up or silver medalist was Mr. John G. Thorp, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, Harvard graduate and Boston lawyer. Mr. Thorp was emphatically the dark horse of the meeting, since this was his first appearance in any

open event outside of New England. He won a place in the qualifying medal round easily enough, but his style is not an attractive one to watch, and it was not until he had put ex-Champion Macdonald out of the running that his play attracted any particular attention. Mr. Thorp is in his fourth decade, and had never played the game before its introduction into this country. He is much better as a match than as a medal player, and while he may never again come so close to the winning of golf's blue ribbon, his game possesses some elements that are worth studying. In the first place, he is wise enough to confine himself to a comparatively stiff and cautious style of play, realizing that it is only the man who has begun golf in boyhood who can ever acquire the perfect full swing; and in the second place, he plays with his head, and never forgets that the chief duty of a golfer is to hit the ball clean. A cardinal principle of the game is to keep your eye on the ball, a rule universally accepted as sound, and yet constantly and consistently broken. Look at Mr. Thorp after he has made his stroke, while his club is yet resting upon his left shoulder. He still has his eyes glued upon the spot where the ball was. This is golf, and the best of golf, too.

—Helen Watterson Moody's articles on the new woman, just begun in *Scribner's*, are likely to carry weight because their author, while a new woman in talent and in some of her tendencies, has her judgment kept in leash by a strong sympathy for the so-called unemancipated woman. Mrs. Moody, who is now perhaps a year or two past thirty, has had an enviable career as a writer for the press. She was one of the ornaments of the *Evening Sun* during the brief period in which that paper shone as the brightest of the afternoon journals, and she afterwards distinguished herself in magazine work. She has a very charming personality, and has made an attractive home for herself and her husband in the older portion of the city, off lower Fifth Avenue. Perhaps the chief material pleasure of her life is the quest of old china and old furniture.

—The Right Reverend William Croswell Doane, S.T.D., LL.D., bishop of the Albany (New York) diocese and vice-chancellor of the Board of Regents of New York State, is well known as a writer and speaker on topics of the day. Twenty years ago his literary style was commented upon by rhetoricians in their

THE RIGHT REVEREND WILLIAM CROSWELL DOANE, S.T.D., LL.D.
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text-books. He has been in recent years a frequent contributor to the magazines. At the recent Pan-Anglican Conference in Lambeth, England, the Bishop of Albany was a prominent individuality of the American contingent, and was remarked for his terse simplicity of expression. Bishop Doane has a reputation for carrying out whatsoever he has set his heart upon. The successful good works to his credit include the St. Agnes School for Girls at Albany, the Child's Hospital, St. Margaret's Home, St. Christina Home at Saratoga, and lastly the splendid Cathedral of All Saints, which has cost thus far about seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars and will require as much more to finish. In his appeals for money the bishop has met with wonderful success, clearing the cathedral from a mortgage of eighty thousand dollars three years ago, and raising eighty thousand dollars the next year to build St. Margaret's Home. Now he asks the sum of one hundred thousand dollars as an endowment fund for the cathedral. The bishop came from Hartford, Connecticut, to Albany in 1863 to become rector of St. Peter's Episcopal Church. In 1868 he was elected bishop; and March 27th, 1873, the cathedral, his life-work, was incorporated under the State law. Its cornerstone was laid June 3d, 1884. On February 2d, 1894, Bishop Doane celebrated, with the clergy and State officers, the quarter-century of his work as bishop. The bishop is fond of children, and has several grandchildren of his own. With these and his dogs he is a familiar sight in Albany, dressed in the English style, with knee-breeches and leggings.

—Mrs. Harriet Maxwell Converse has some reputation as a writer, and a more extended and distinctive one as an authority upon all matters pertaining to the red aborigines of this section of the country. Mrs. Converse's grandfather was adopted by the Seneca Indians in 1792 and her father in 1804. She was adopted by the family of Red Jacket in 1880. Five years ago she was formally elected a member of the tribe, and she has kept up her connection with it ever since. Every year Mrs. Converse visits her Indian kinsmen, with whom she is a welcome and distinguished guest. This summer she has spent some time on the Onondaga reservation, near Syracuse, New York, where an important council of chiefs was held. One of the objects of Mrs. Converse's visit was to select a bowlder to mark the grave, at Buffalo, of the late General E. S. Parker, a civilized Indian, who to the last clung to the beliefs and customs of his

race. Referring to the implied accusation that she had used her influence to confirm the Indians in their old pagan rites and prevent their conversion to Christianity, Mrs. Converse says: "I am a member of the Episcopal Church, and have never meddled with the rites of the Indians in any way. Practically, their religion is the same as ours. I would like very much to send some of my good old righteous pagans down here to Christianize some pagans in this city."

—Prince Henri of Orleans, who was pricked in his recent sword-duel with the Count of Turin, nephew of King Humbert



PRINCE HENRI OF ORLEANS.

of Italy, is a degenerate descendant of Henry IV., now in his thirtieth year. He has failed in pretty much everything, except self-advertising. His explorations have ranged all the way from Abyssinia to the United States, and as a beardless boy he cut a wide though brief swath at Newport a few summers ago, when the accompanying photograph was taken. The Count of Turin is a nephew of King Humbert, his father, the late Duke of Aosta, who died in 1890, having been Humbert's younger brother. The full name of the

young man is Vittorio Emanuele Torino Giovanni Maria de Savoie-Aoste. He was born in Turin on November 24th, 1870. His mother was Maria dal Pozzo Della Cisterna, and he was the second son. He is a major in the Royal Piedmont Regiment of Cuirassiers, and is unmarried. The first heard of the count's intention to fight for the honor of the Italian army was on July 19th, when the *Popolo Romano* announced that the count, after Prince Henri's refusal to fight with Lieutenant Pini, who had been chosen challenger by lot, had sent a challenge to the prince. This was afterwards denied in the Paris newspapers, and it was supposed that it was a settled fact that Prince Henri would fight General Albertone, who had come in personally for a part of the criticism lavished by the prince on the Italian army. The general's seconds were in Paris awaiting the prince's arrival in order to make final arrangements for the duel. The prince landed at Marseilles and proceeded at once to Paris. Before he reached Paris he received the cartel of the count, and when he arrived in Paris he found the count's seconds awaiting him. The Count of Turin had in the meantime left Italy secretly, and was in France. Prince Henri immediately announced that the count's challenge took precedence over Albertone's, and the latter's seconds had to give way to the new-comer from Italy.

—Few millionaire yacht-owners get more enjoyment out of their costly floating palaces than does J. Pierpont Morgan. His *Corsair*, which became historic for the Vanderbilt-Pennsylvania treaty, is usually his home in the hot summer months. The yacht lies off Bay Ridge during the day, and at night, with Mr. Morgan on board, steams away for the sound or the deeper water of the lower bay. Mr. Morgan frequently has guests to dinner, and a whist-party furnishes the evening diversion. Meanwhile the multi-millionaire's beautiful home at Highland Falls is tenanted only by servants.

—The name of Chaminade figures frequently upon concert-programmes, and nearly all singers and pianists include this gifted young Frenchwoman's works in their *répertoires*. Cécile Chaminade was born in Paris in 1861. As a child, Bizet, the composer of "Carmen," predicted a great future for her. She received a fine musical education in Paris, and soon gave concerts with success. Her ballet, "Callirhoe," was produced at the Grand Theatre, Marseilles, in 1888, and subsequently at Lyons, and since that date nearly every kind of musical composition has flowed from her pen. "Les Amazones," a symphony for orchestra and chorus, and "La Sévillane," an opera-comique, are her most important works; but she has written a great deal of chamber-music and many beautiful songs. She seems to prefer the lyrics of the modern French poets, such as François Coppée, Sully Prud'homme, and Armand Sylvestre, and expresses their refined and delicate sentiment anew in music. Chaminade often appears in recitals of her own compositions. She is an excellent pianist as well as composer. She intended to visit America this season, but has been prevented by illness.



THE COUNT OF TURIN.



CÉCILE CHAMINADE.



ARTILLERY DRILL WITH HOTCHKISS GUN.

SIESTA
AT THE CAMP

EMBARKATION FOR DRILL ON THE U. S. S. "MICHIGAN."



TARGET PRACTICE ON BOARD THE "MICHIGAN."



STACKING ARMS.

MANŒUVRES OF THE ILLINOIS NAVAL MILITIA, CAMP STEADMAN, CHICAGO.

The naval militia organizations on the great lakes have shared with those of the seacoast, this season, a gratifying amount of official attention, criticism, and recognition of their capabilities. Assistant Secretary Roosevelt's report of his recent summer tour among the torpedo and naval stations of the North and Northwest contains much information that is important, interesting, and encouraging. Speaking of the Illinois battalions—whose exercises at Chicago are spiritedly depicted in the accompanying drawings by Reuterdahl—Mr. Roosevelt says: "The First Illinois Battalion is fortunate enough to have two naval academy graduates at its head, and it shows in every way the excellent results of their training. The Second Battalion deserves particular credit, inasmuch as it has started on a river, and is without the advantages afforded by the ocean or the great lakes. If possible, when the torpedo flotilla is sent up the Mississippi, the men of this battalion should be given drill and instruction aboard the torpedo-boats."



STREETS OF CAIRO.

Midway Coney Island.

CONEY ISLAND is a treeless sand-bar about four miles long, fronting on the broad Atlantic, and, as the hotel-boomers say with unwonted truthfulness, "swept by ocean breezes." It is the seaside resort *par excellence* of New York's four hundred thousand. The contrasting social conditions of the metropolis are epitomized here beside the tumbling surf. At the farther or eastern end the Oriental and Manhattan beaches, with their palatial caravansaries, attract sweldom and wealth; while the western end, jutting into New York Bay, is a desert point, with a light-house and a few villas. The real Coney Island, properly so called, is midway between the two extremes, where the observatory tower pierces the clouds, and the two iron piers stretch their arms far out over the waves to welcome frequent and overlaid steamboats; where the blare of the orchestion, the rattle of the merry-go-round, and the voice of the "barker" are as constant as the surge of the sea; and where the staples of diet are clams, frankfurter sausages, popcorn, and beer. Parallel with the beach, and close beside it, run Surf Avenue and the Bowery, the former lined with bathing-houses and places of restauration for families; the latter one labyrinth of dives for the dissipated. Here are free concerts and painted soubrettes, gambling-hells in disguise, live bucking broncos and automatic wooden imitations, and a full-fledged "Street of Cairo," where a real camel does his patient act. Altogether it is a wild and wondrous revel, where the most *blasé* may find amusement, and the most sanctimonious—a text.



THE BOWERY.



ON THE SANDS.



PROMENADE ON THE IRON PIER.



SURF AVENUE.



NEW-FASHIONED HOBBY-HORSES.

PRINCES HAVE DONE AS MUCH.

By ROBERT C. V. MEYERS.

WARE had registered, and after impatiently answering the clerk's questions as to how the *Ems* behaved on the way over, was demanding if he could have his former rooms, when the clerk motioned to him. He turned round and saw a young fellow at his elbow waiting his chance to scratch his name in the big book. He stepped aside and the other took up the pen. The new-comer was about to write, when, noticing the name under which his own should come, he looked keenly at Ware.

Ware returned the stare, thinking that his one-time prowess in college sports was known to this young fellow, who was apparently a freshman back from his summer vacation.

But the boy, unabashed, continuing to look at him, Ware in louder tones repeated to the clerk his demand regarding the rooms he had had last year in the hotel. He knew that the young fellow never took his eyes off him, that he stood there with fixed gaze when the elevator-door opened and the clerk said: "Mr. Ware, John. Mr. Ware has his old rooms." Ware walked into the cage, the grilled door snapped, and he rose theatrically in the air. He glanced down; the boy was looking up at him. It was only for an instant, but perhaps no instant had ever so irritated Ware. He felt that he had been a fool to have had his name banded from one end of the country to the other by callow youths who quoted him in pummeling one another while trying to carry a hollow leather sphere within a certain boundary, or in putting themselves into absurd attitudes over links while driving a ball from the tee. He had not before realized how great a fool he had been when at twenty-five he was followed up by the silliness that had been his joy at twenty. To-day, of all days, when he returned from vain wandering after forgetfulness; to-day, when the sight of his native city brought back all the miserable thoughts of six months ago; to-day, when everything came back with a rush to him, to have a smooth-faced college lad gaping at him, and maybe thinking of some particular game when the champion had broken the record. For his name was in to-day's paper, ever; he had read it on the way to the hotel—the picture of a youth with a bushel of hair had under it the words, "The coming Ware."

"More than that," he commented, when the elevator stopped, like Mahomet's coffin, midway between heaven and earth, "I am the greater fool for wanting these old rooms again. Do I want everything to be as it was?"

Down in the office the clerk was saying to the young fellow, after glancing at the register:

"Perhaps you, too, were on the *Ems*. From London, I see."

"I came over in the *Paris*," was the reply. "We arrived an hour ago."

"I thought, perhaps," the clerk hastened to say, for something in the boy's tone made him feel that he had presumed, "you might have come in the *Ems* and recognized a fellow-passenger in the gentleman who just went up. That is Mr. Ambrose Ware, the great authority on athletics. I guess he came home in time for the foot-ball scrimmage next week."

The young fellow pulled a fresh pair of gloves from his pocket.

"I shall not need my room immediately," he said, and went towards the entrance-hall, fitting the slate-colored coverings on his hands.

He passed out into the crisp morning, a tall, spare boy, whose fresh face had on it the tan of a week at sea, and whose clear blue eyes were alight and happy.

"I should like a cab," he said to a porter. "No," countermanding the order. "Please direct me, which is down and which is up in this street?"

The porter smiled and waved his arm like a semaphore. "Thank you," the young fellow said, and tossed a coin to the man.

He went along the brilliant street. It was some minutes past noon, and the avenue was well filled. The harness of the horses glittered in the light, as did the panels of the polished carriages. The season for chrysanthemums was at hand, and venders of intense yellow balls of bloom stood along the curb here and there. Pretty girls went by, singly, in twos, in groups. The windows of the clubs shone. It was all sparkle, life; and yet the young fellow seemed to take in little of it. His head was raised in the air and he walked deliberately, his eyes fixed straight before him, save when he glanced now and then at the house-numbers whose diminishing hundreds told him that he was approaching the one of his quest. Suddenly he stopped for a moment and took something from his waistcoat-pocket which he looked at with close scrutiny and which gave a little flash of light as he slipped it again into his pocket. Then he went on again, head in air, eyes straight before him, unseeing, unnoticing. He glanced at the numbers once more and found that he had but a few more houses to pass.

"A discarded man can be very miserable," he said, "while I—!" His lips smiled happily; a great joy seemed to seize and possess him.

It may have been this joy that caused him to stop before a withered woman with faded violets in her basket, and drop into her palm so much money that she looked at him in astonishment and failed to see a carriage that came tearing along near the curb on which she stood. There was a scream, a hurry, and the carriage had pulled up a few feet ahead. But the woman was safe; the young fellow had seized her and thrown her to the centre of the sidewalk, while he himself was dragged by the horses. He was up again, however, and laughing. Some one handed him his hat, and he brushed it off, bowing his thanks. The flower-woman was dusting his coat.

"Hurt?" He laughed. "Not at all, thank you." His hand clasped his waistcoat-pocket where he had slipped in the object he had examined a few minutes before.

"Margaret!" he said to himself. "Margaret!" And then he was at her door.

He had mounted the steps and rung the bell, when a tremor caught him. What would her answer be? She loved no one

else; she had refused to keep a slight token of some one else, and—but what would her answer be?

Then he laughed again, and, the door opening, he entered the house.

In the drawing-room he stood beside the fire-place, his eyes directed to the portières past which she must come. Margaret! Then the curtains were parted and she was before him. He took a step towards her, boldly, tenderly. She held out her hand, rather coldly, he thought. He noted everything about her, from the pale robe and the white rose in the silken girdle to the little copperish curl that had strayed from behind her ear.

"When," she said, "did you arrive in New York, Mr. Brale?"

"An hour ago," he told her. "I came in the *Paris*."

A harder look came to her eyes. "Have a chair," she said, dryly, and ensconced herself on a low divan.

But he continued to stand. He had noticed that look in her face when he told her how lately he had come to shore.

"Are you not glad to see me?" he asked.

"I am glad to see any friend," she said as before.

There was a moment's silence. "I told you I should come," then he said. "I tried not to, but I could not keep away."

"I am so sorry," she returned, quite stiffly; "sorrower than I can say. Though you know I am glad of your friendship."

"Friendship!" he cried. "Friendship!"

She rose and indicated a chair.

"I will not sit down again," she said, "unless you do. I know the advantage one standing has over the one who sits."

"I beg your pardon," he said, as he took the chair, and she felt furious that she had said the words.

"Now," he said, "you will hear me."

"No," she replied, "if you insist upon saying what you said to me in London last June."

He ran his fingers round the rim of his hat. In her eyes he looked suddenly very young and very helpless.

"My friend," she began, worriedly, when he stopped her.

"Not that word," he insisted.

"But," she argued, "there can be no other. I told you that last June, Mr. Brale."

"You told me last June," he said, "that there was no one else you cared for."

A bright flush suffused her face. "Yes," she said, softly, "I told you so."

He started.

"And," he went on, "I could not take that for an answer. I tried to obey you and not repeat what I said to you then, but my presence here to-day ought to tell you that I found such obedience no longer possible. Listen to me!"

"No," she interdicted, "listen to me! I must remind you of several things I spoke of when we formerly met. First of all, there is that difference in our ages. I am over twenty-four, while you—"

"What has age got to do with it?" he interrupted, hastily. She smiled faintly.

"We will say nothing more about that, then," she said.

"Nor is there anything else," he cried. "No; you must listen to me. I loved you from the very first time I saw you. You cannot think me too young to have a heart. Besides, it is possible that my way of life has made me older than other men of my age. I have always had to do with affairs; I have been instructed in statecraft from my childhood up. You know little of me; you met me by accident."

"Yes," she said, "the possible accident to myself, when, in throwing something from the balcony of our hotel, I nearly lost my balance and you caught me just in time."

Involuntarily his hand crept to his waistcoat-pocket. "After that," he proceeded, "you let me visit you."

"I regarded you as a woman of my age—"

"Might regard a boy of mine."

She merely settled the rose in her belt more firmly.

"You let me tell you many things about myself," he went on, "and you let me know you very well."

"Better," she sighed, "than, I think, I ever let any one else know me. No,"—for he was rising as though to approach her.

"I was alone there with my aunt. I had not been—very happy, and I received no one. You appealed to me as a—pardon me—as a very young and enthusiastic man, and a very lonely one."

"I was lonely," he said. "I had cut loose from tradition and thrown in my lot with people I had been taught to consider my inferiors—living and breathing humanity, men and women with the same capacity for suffering that I had. I wanted to understand them, to get nearer to people I should some time"—he stopped abruptly. "I might as well tell you, it is my joy to think that you gave me your—friendship—knowing so little about me; liking me for myself alone. Miss Duncan"—he got to his feet this time—"I can give you a title. Wait! I know what I am saying, and I do not mean to be vulgar. But I have a social position; I have station and wealth. Oh, I love you, I love you, I love you!"

His hat fell to the floor and he stood with outstretched arms, as pale as she was who heard him.

She sat up very straight.

"And you think," she said, "that what you say now would influence me?"

"Oh, no,"—he shook his head—"do not think me a cad. Only—I love you; all that is of any account that I can claim I offer you, and"—he broke down. "I have come to you; I could not keep away, for you told me there was no one else. You surely do not despise me?"

Despise him! She saw the worship of her in his eyes; she had never felt more unworthy. She was in a whirl; she scarcely knew what next he said, for she was groping in her mind for words to tell this boy her story which she had hoped

never to tell to any one. She owed it to him, if only for the respect due any one who had bared his heart to her as he had done. All at once she astonished herself by saying:

"When I told you there was no one else I did not tell you the truth."

She knew that her words silenced him; that he grew perfectly still. She must go on.

"There was some one else," she said. "I was away from my home, trying to forget him. No matter what he had done, it was nothing that merited my breaking my heart. It was the casting away of a little token of his that made me acquainted with you. Shall I tell you more? That little token had his name on it. It was an old sentimental fancy that had made me keep it when all else was gone. For when he gave it to me we were both very young, and he told me that should anything ever separate us the return of this trifle would tell him that I loved him still. It was all nonsense, perhaps emulative of some highly wrought-up chapter of a story we were reading. Well, I threw the thing away; I never wanted to recall him, even if I should adopt such silly means of doing so."

"Because you no longer wished to recall him?" he asked.

"Have I not said," she returned, "that I did not wish to recall him? That is all I have to say, and it is more than I would say to any one else. Does that not tell you how much I esteem your friendship? You are young—young enough for me to speak to as I do; young enough to be the trusted friend of a woman of my age. Let us forget all else that has passed between us and be my friend. You may not see this as I do, but in time you will thank me for telling you the truth."

"The truth!" he repeated.

"I am acting as though I were as young as you," she said. "I am treating you as though you were as old as I. Even if we were as we are not, would you have me accept your devotion knowing that I could not reciprocate it?"

He seated himself in the chair.

"You could not help having my devotion offered to you," he said, in such a way that she could have cried out. "You say that you wish never to recall this man. You are nothing to him?"

"Sir!" she said.

He looked away from her. She shifted her position.

"I am acting like a dunce," she said at length, and laughingly. "I do not know what possessed me."

"But," he went on, persistently, "you do not wish to recall him."

Then she was angry; it was all so silly.

"My friend," she said, "you do not understand women."

"I do not," he replied, in a low voice. "It seems I understand nothing except as I am told to understand it. It was this desire to understand for myself that made me do as I say—go out among the common people."

"Princes have done as much," she said, more lightly. "I read fairy tales in my younger days, and how even Sultans did as you have done in order to ameliorate the condition of their people falsely reported to them. And now it is all over—all the painful interlude to our friendship—is it not? And you will stay and have luncheon with me?"

"No," he said, hurriedly. "No; I must go," and got his hat.

"If you go," she returned, "you will only add sadness to what I already feel."

"Sadness!" he echoed. He placed his hat on a table. "I will stay."

She rose from the divan.

"How good you are," she said. "Come!" and took a step in the direction of the hall.

"A moment." His voice was sharp. She looked at him.

"Miss Duncan, if the man—if he should not come, in a year, two years, any time you choose, when I am older, may I hope?" She would have indignantly interrupted him, but he went on with a power of command that coerced her. "Tell me, please?"

"Should I forget him," she said, rapidly, "and some years are given you to see the world and the lovely girls of your own age in it, I should not be more grateful than I now am for your gentle feeling for me and my friendship for you—my feeling for you—"

She did not finish, for he held out both hands to her and took hers, looking into her eyes.

"But at this moment," he said, "you still love that man; you are suffering because of that love?"

She dragged her hands from his.

"Has any man the right," she demanded, "to ask such a question of any woman?"

"Forgive me," he said, humbly, and followed her from the room.

Her aunt had luncheon with them, and remembered a great deal about London in June, and Mr. Brale's courtesy in going about with her.

During the meal Miss Duncan grew calmer and calmer. More than once did she call herself accusative names for the part she had taken in the talk in the drawing-room. She felt that she had acted like a crude little chit forsaken by her "young man" and telling her tale of woe to a rival suitor. She took in the youthful spirits of the boy opposite her at table, his merry rejoinders to her aunt's reminiscences, and the foolishness of her action appealed to her; he had been a young goose, his love mere calf love, and she had acted in a fashion to make silliness more silly. But he had come to her with his professions at a time when she was not yet over the sorrow of a few months back, and when there rose before her a daily vision of a future of loneliness and bitter thought. It was all over for her, that past; there could be no recall. There had been no vulgar quarrel, merely a giving up for all time; the world was a small place, she would meet the man whom she had thrown over and they would both act as pleasant acquaintances and—with a gasp of horror she thought of her having told the boy on the other side of the table about her casting away the bauble given her by the man of old, and the romantic sentiment connected with it when she had plighted her troth to the man then scarcely older than this boy, and with name and position still to be made. She had, indeed, acted like a shop-girl. And this boy was a gentleman; when he had had time to think he would call her crude, ill-bred.

Even when they were back in the drawing-room, whither her

aunt did not accompany them, she resented what she had done and was cold and distant.

He remained but a little while, and then he rose to go. She was glad of it, and yet she wondered if his going so soon was not because he already began to see her as she thought in the future he would.

But when he put out his hand in farewell she was not pleased. A strange feeling came to her. He was young, but she herself was not old; in a few years there would be less incongruity than there now was, and she *did* like him. It was not unmanly for him to come all the way here to speak to her a second time; she was surely the first woman he had ever cared for, and "first love is last forgot," and no woman can be averse to even a boy's devotion.

"Surely I shall see you again soon?" she said.

"I fancy not," he returned. "I sail to-morrow."

"So soon?" she said. Then, fearful that she should encourage him, she smiled, arranging the white rose in her belt. Should she give it to him? "Good-bye!"

He was at the curtains of the doorway when she called him back. She stood with laced fingers, the white rose within them.

"I am so sorry," she murmured.

He wondered if a word from him would not do all for his happiness. If she gave him that rose would it not tell him that he had the right to say the word even after all that she had told him?

And yet, if she still cared for that other man, had he the right to take her at this disadvantage when it might be in his power to make her happy with the recall of that other? She came quite close to him.

"I am so sorry," she said again.

"I am glad of that," he replied, but he did not look at her, nor at the rose held out to him. And so he left the house.

Outside, though, he gave a long sigh. He went back in the direction of his hotel. Before coming to the end of his walk he deflected into a side street in search of a stationer's shop. It was quiet there, and he took from his pocket the object he had looked at when on his way to the house he had just quitted. It was a little gold pencil, which he had searched for in the London mud after she had thrown it from her hotel balcony. He had treasured it because it was something that had once been hers, even though it might be the one-time belonging of another man; for round the cylinder, in minute letters, was etched the name of Ambrose Ware. So this was the little gage which was to recall the man should they ever be separated! What fatality had brought Ambrose Ware to the same hotel with him? Was it not that he was to be the instrument through which her happiness should be consummated? And yet, if she had only given him that white rose he would have done just as he was going to do—he could not have done other—and the white rose might have been something to keep, something she had worn.

He found the shop he was looking for, placed the pencil in an envelope, addressed it to Ware, and sent it by messenger.

He kept the boy in sight and reached the hotel about the same time. He seated himself in the office and waited. He had been there but a few minutes when Ware came in and went to the desk. The envelope was handed to him. He took it and opened it, and his face was a study. He hastily left the hotel.

Was it minutes, was it hours, that the watcher sat in the office after that? In a little while he should know if he might go back to that house and take the white rose and say his word. In a little while, if Ware was a man. He waited. His eyes became bloodshot, his hand grasped his stick tightly.

And then he saw Ware. He paid no attention to the youthful figure sitting up against the wall.

"I fear I was crusty this morning," he said to the clerk. "I was all out of sorts. The oddest thing has happened. A pencil of mine, which was lost over in London some months ago, has been mysteriously returned to me. Odd how these things happen, isn't it? By the way, what teams play the foot-ball game this Thanksgiving?"

A couple of gentlemen had entered and gone up to the young fellow by the wall.

"Good-morning, gentlemen," he said. "You see my studies of people took me a long way this time. I fancy my father asked you to look me up."

"Your presence," began one of the gentlemen, "is undoubtedly—"

"Beg pardon," interrupted the young fellow; "I shall do as I—"

"Just then Ware turned: in his coat was a white rose. "I shall do as you please," the young fellow ended. "You were saying that my father wishes to see me?"

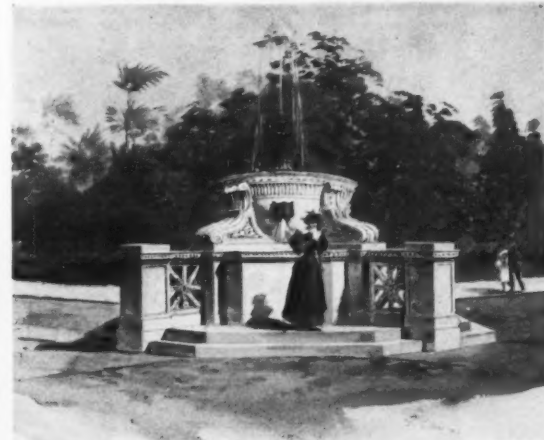
"I was saying," the gentleman replied, punctiliously, "that your presence is undoubtedly desired by his royal highness."



BATH AVENUE AND STRAND.



SHERMAN PARK.



WARD FOUNTAINS, J. K. L.



FORTIETH STREET PARK.

Fountains in Galveston.

THE late Henry Rosenberg, a banker of Galveston, in Texas, was a citizen of much public spirit, who loved the town in which he lived, and greatly admired the men who shaped the early history of his State. In his will he left bequests for several charitable institutions, and also provided for a monument to the memory of the "Heroes of Texas" who fought in the Alamo, at Goliad, and San Jacinto. There was also another interesting provision of his will, the twentieth clause being as follows:

"I give thirty thousand dollars for the erection of not less than ten drinking-fountains for man and beast, in various portions of the city of Galveston, location to be selected by my executors. This bequest, however, is upon the proviso that the city of Galveston shall obtain an abundant supply of good drinking water within five years after my death. Failing in thus obtaining such supply of good drinking-water, then I direct that, after the expiration of the time herein limited, one-half of the said thirty thousand dollars shall be given to the orphan asylum mentioned in the fourteenth clause of this will, and the other half thereof to the Woman's Home mentioned in the seventeenth clause of this will."

In 1895 a new water system was completed in Galveston, and so this provision of Mr. Rosenberg's will became operative. Invitations were extended to artists and architects, and the plans of Mr. J. Massey Rhind, the sculptor, and of Mr. Arthur D. Pickering, the architect, were chosen. There will be erected this autumn and winter seventeen fountains, eleven of the designs being separate. We present four of the fountain designs, which are of classic style. Galveston is a new city of the New South, and it is pleasant to know that the streets will be beautified with such genuine works of art.

The Parthenon at Nashville.

In that age of Greece when Pericles of Athens conceived the plan of utilizing labor that remained at home from the wars for beautifying and adorning the capital city, there arose to do his bidding architects, artists, and workmen of every craft. The public and sacred buildings then constructed, and the works of literature and art then conceived and executed, are, as the historian remarks, "Greece's only evidence that the power she

boasts of and her ancient wealth are no romance or idle story." The nineteenth-century echo, in the New World, of Greece's supremest triumph is Tennessee's reproduction of the Parthenon.

Once again labor has been utilized to make an ideal city, but there has been no Pericles to dictate, and no overflowing public treasury to turn the wheels of the great enterprise. Greater than the spirit of a Pericles is the spirit of patriotism in a great commonwealth. For every heroic exploit in her history, Tennessee has found a commemorative niche, and she has prepared a centennial exposition that is an outward expression of all that she feels and

is. Nothing less than the proper pride with which Tennesseans contemplate their part in the nation's history could have enabled them to achieve so triumphant a demonstration as the State Centennial Exposition at Nashville, the Athens of the South, in the midst of a heated political campaign, and during one of the most trying periods of business uncertainty ever known to the country.

To compare Tennessee's exposition with the world's fair at Chicago, it would be necessary to forget the immensity of the latter installation, together with the Court of Honor, in its dazzling splendor. The world's fair was a triumph over all other displays that have ever been set before the people, and it would be a folly, coupled with ingratitude, for any American to deny that occasion the recognition of its glory. On the other hand, it would be unfair to call Tennessee's centennial a miniature of the world's fair. For the local architects, artists, and artisans have planned, executed, and presented their best gifts on this hundredth anniversary of the marriage of Tennessee with the Union.

The green hills and rolling fields about Nashville beautifully encircle the Centennial City, whose buildings and sculptured figures stand in majestic relief against this natural background and the blue Southern sky. The State's capital city is like the family hearth-stone, about which her sons and daughters are happily reunited.

In front of the Parthenon, with her hands extended towards Nashville, stands Miss Enid Yandell's graceful reproduction of the ancient statue of Pallas Athene, and all who enter the gates feel that the goddess of wisdom and peace is the presiding genius.

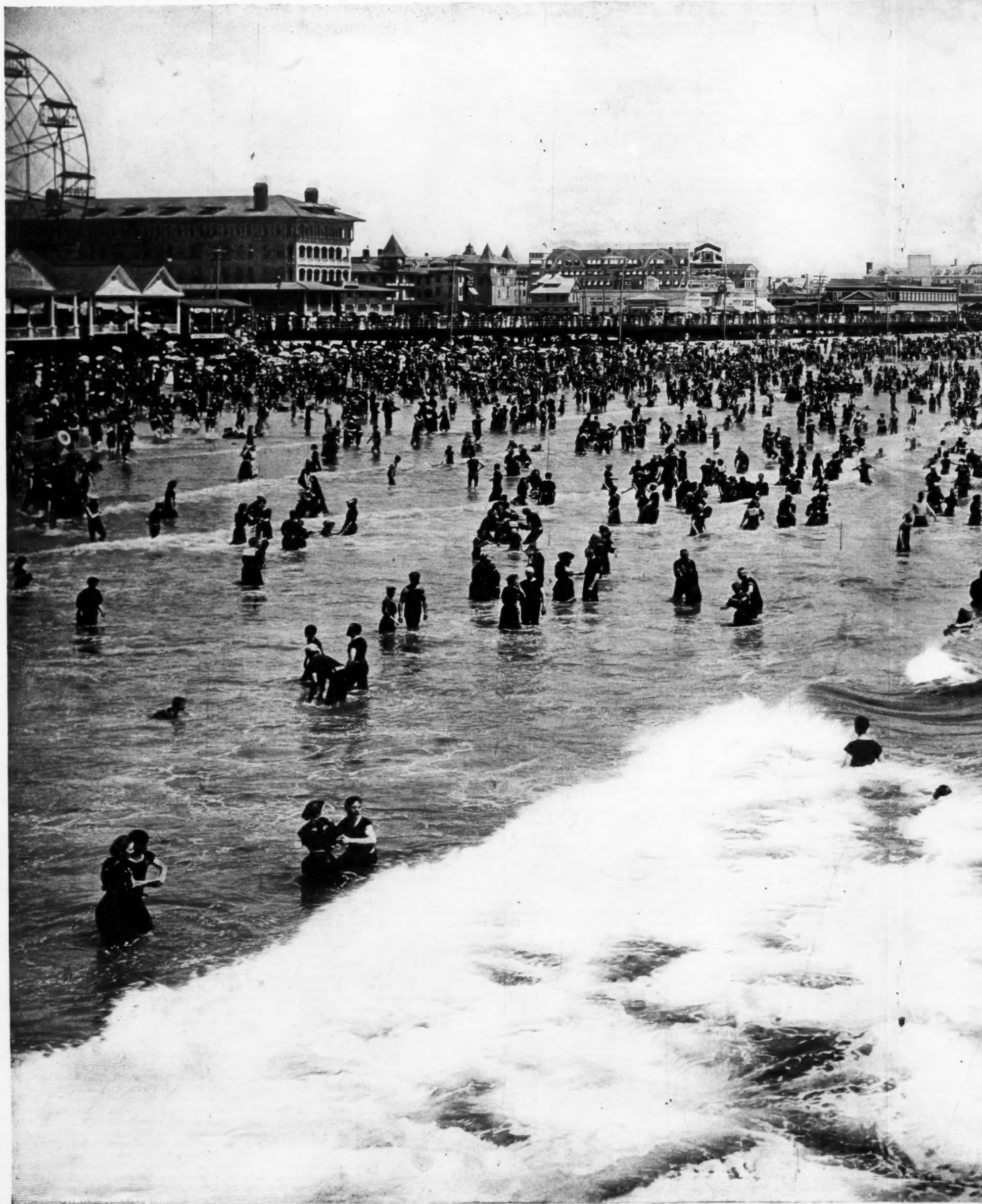
Statesmen, sculptors, painters, men of letters, and representatives of every trade and organization in this and other countries have visited, and continue to visit, the Tennessee Centennial Exposition. The President of the United States, with his wife and a distinguished retinue, tarried in Nashville three days to view its splendors. All these visitors, from the first gentleman and lady of the land to the humblest tiller of the soil, have looked on this expression of a people's patriotism with mingled emotions of pride, exaltation, and hope.

MARY FELIX DE MOVILLE.



Photograph by Robert H. Moulton.

THE PARTHENON, AT THE NASHVILLE (TENNESSEE) STATE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION.



A MEET IN THE SURF—PANORAMA OF THE BEACH AT ATLANTIC CITY, NEW JERSEY, AT THE BATHING

The picture, as here reproduced, represents the actual size of the photographic plate, with no enlargement whatever. As one of the largest, and at the same time one



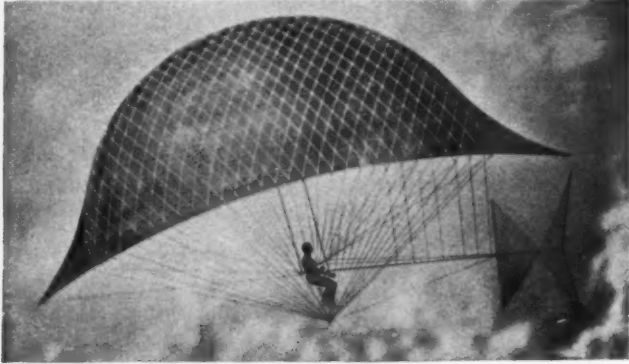
Copyright, 1897, by C. H. Graves, Philadelphia.

THE BATHING HOUR, DURING THE RECENT VISIT OF THE LEAGUE OF AMERICAN WHEELMEN.

and at the same time one of the clearest, views of the kind ever taken with a camera, it possesses a technical interest, independent of its artistic qualities.

An Aerial Navigation Problem.

THE gas-kite, projected in 1880, some years previous to the conception of the sky bicycle, was probably the first apparatus designed to literally pull a man up into the air by his muscular strength. It consisted of a boat-shaped gas-bag, inverted, or lying deck down and keel up. Its flat under surface acted like a kite, while the buoyant gas balanced the apparatus and rider in the air. It moved forward, pulled by the revolving screw, and arose just like a kite pulled forward by a string. Screw propulsion was attained by a combined hand-and-foot bicycle



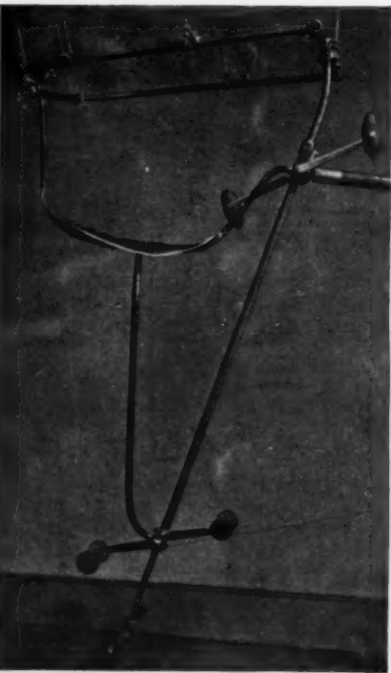
THE AERIAL VELOCIPEDE.

movement, which, though built by me at the Remington armory the following winter and used more or less continuously ever since, was not patented till April 20th, 1897, when long experience in aerial manoeuvring had proved its usefulness.

It is hardly possible to conceive of a more direct application of power, or a lighter structure carrying a man. Obviously there had to be a seat, and so there was a seat, of thin, moulded sheet-metal. There had to be hand-cranks and foot-cranks, and very small bronze gear-wheels, and a light steel tube connected them. The hand-cranks geared directly into the screw-shaft, and all moved together by one, both, or either hand or foot. This, with the gas-kite, was literally all there was of it. It was lighter than any other vehicle that ever carried a man's weight by his own power. The screw propeller, fifteen feet across, weighed two and one-half pounds.

Experiments with the gas kite developed serious practical objections. Its opposing surface to the wind was its strong point. It arose with the greatest ease, though heavier than the air, and it fell downward and forward, or to right or left, as you inclined it by change of position or centre of gravity. It went up easier and faster in a wind than in a calm. That is the way with a kite; but in coming down in a wind it was too big a kite, and it swept past any point on the earth with the speed of the wind, and when anchored it pulled like a snubbed locomotive. When "bow on" it split the wind like an arrow, but when broadside to the wind it would move a ship at sea.

So the problem of aerial navigation became one of practical safety alone, while propulsion and guidance proved simple matters in comparison.



SEAT, HAND, AND FOOT POWER OF THE VELOCIPEDE.

was tipped with a type of projectile equivalent in weight, bulk, or sectional area to every other used. They only differed in their penetrating quality, or speed, or distance traveled, and in these features they differed greatly, and demonstrated that the commonly accepted forms of projectiles for gunnery were almost the worst possible to be made for passage through the air.

Finally, the discovery was made of a body or vessel which had no existing prototype in nature, art, science, or literature. It had two dimensions, length and diameter, and was a perfectly symmetrical figure as a result of curves unvarying in any part of the body, and so arbitrary in design that every kindred figure having the same diameter and length would be identical in shape and capacity. It also had the valuable feature of being possible to construct as a gas-vessel of plain, flat, rectangular surfaces, such as boards, sheet metal plates, or fabrics sold by the yard, without the least fragment of waste in the entire structure from end to end—a condition absolutely impossible with any other curved figure ever built or planned. It also had the desirable feature of being entirely free from any so-called "head resistance" in passing through air, with this exception

for a certain speed it had to have a certain curvature, so that the curve for a speed of ten miles per hour was of one dimension or length, and for twenty miles per hour of a different dimension, either length or diameter, yet of as unvarying proportions as the vibrations of chords which unite to make a musical note or harmony. This discovery proved of immediate value to me as a designer, constructor, and operator of aerial devices, and after much private use of it I sought to patent it, and spent nine years in a fruitless effort to do so in the United States Patent Office, and the secret lies buried in that inventors' mausoleum. Meanwhile I am using it in constant manipulation of my aerial apparatus, and it forms a part of every structure I have built, including over seventy for our government, yet the complete figure has never been shown. The so-called Nashville air-ship which was recently exhibited at the exposition there was in part composed by me on this figure, but purposely deformed, as is the sky-cycle, the latest development in the line of man-power air-ship. This deformity, due to the netting which harnesses it, has been the subject of criticism by every newspaper in the land where exhibited, which merely goes to prove that people do not accurately notice what they see, and that an aerial prestidigitator may use a novel invention in the presence of thousands and the public never discover it. Stranger still is the fact that notable periodicals soliciting aerial novelties for publication have invariably returned to me the photographs or drawings embracing this figure, while retaining and publishing others. Yet I declare that this one feature is of more future value to aerial navigation than even a light and powerful motor, with which almost any flying device may fly.

CARL E. MYERS,
Aeronautical Engineer.

BALLOON FARM, FRANKFORT, NEW YORK.

The New Congressman's Wife.

THE new Congressional wife is a feature of each new administration. She it is who keeps Washington social life from growing stale; she it is who keeps the bubble of enthusiasm constantly rising; she it is who lends novelty, who comes as a novice satisfied with the honors of her district, lending herself to the discipline and growing now and then into the great social leader, the diplomat, the power behind the throne. The evolution of the Congressional wife is always attended with interest to the student of human nature. She comes to Washington all radiant with happiness and a sense of conquest; she has victory perched upon her bonnet, and she treads the air while her pulses beat to the tune of the soul-song in her heart. She is the conscious possessor of a husband in Congress. As a woman she is adorned with sterling traits of character. She is a devoted wife and a loving mother, and the chances are that she is the one to whom the new member owes his greatness. It is her consciousness of this fact, perhaps, that puts her in love with all the world. She is generous; she drives no hard domestic bargains; she believes in the size of his yearly income, and she can no more conceive of the possibility of her Congressman's defeat in another two years than she can memorize the Tariff bill. She believes that, within the next two years, the whole world will recognize his superior intelligence, just as his district has done.

The new member's wife haunts the family gallery, where she can see him. It surprises her when no one applauds as he enters. They always applaud him at home, whatever he does. She finds a congenial spirit in the gallery in the person of another new member's wife, and they talk over the late campaign. Each describes the audacity of the opponent who ran against her husband, and they compare notes and agree. Then they make the acquaintance of an "old" member's wife. "Old" is superior to "new." They discover this as she smiles and listens quietly to the story of the battle their husbands each won so easily over the nobody that dared to oppose him. The old member's wife watches for a chance to put in her knife, and quietly mentions how the old member defeated the smartest, brainiest politician in the land, and that the fight was worthy of the hero.

The wife of the new member is no fool; she feels keenly the knife-thrust by that old member's wife, and the latter is never forgotten. The new member's wife never fights that campaign over again. She is silenced.

The old member's wife tells her she must make all first calls. She rebels at this, but the new Congressional wife is a healthy constructed being and has common sense; so she at length succumbs to the inevitable, and the day comes when she orders a carriage and sallies forth, card-case in hand.

Is she over-dressed? No, indeed; for it is difficult to be over-dressed in Washington City, but she is new, new all over, and during her round of calls, in some way, some one recommends a dressmaker. She scorns the idea. Her whole trousseau is new. The home dressmaker fairly surpassed herself in the creations for the new member's wife. But before she gets home from that first round of calls the Washington dressmaker has won a new customer. A little later, when the bill of the Washington dressmaker is presented, the new Congressman pays it with greatest good humor. He has yet to learn of the possibilities of a Washington dressmaker's bill.

As the time draws near for the election of a Senator, that Senator informs Mrs. Senator that the new Congressman's wife must be cultivated, and suggests that they give a dinner. The invitation that finds its way into the new member's family is to a dining at 8 P. M. It has been a hard matter for the new Congressman to adapt himself to this new order of meal-time. When at home he dined at 12 noon. He confides to his wife that these irregular meals do not agree with him. The day of the dining arrives and they depart for the scene of festivity fully an hour before the time specified. Both are nervous. He wears his new tailor-made suit of gray, and she her best silk gown with high neck and long sleeves.

Their smiling host is ready to receive them. He has anticipated a probable early arrival. They hope they are not too late.

"It's all right, my good fellow," exclaims the hospitable politician. "You're never too late in this house. My women folks are a little behind time. Mrs. Senator had a few extra duties to perform, so you must excuse her for not being ready to welcome you."

So the Senator sits and chats to the new member and wife, making them feel perfectly at home, delighted with themselves and charmed with him. He tells them that he is so glad to have this little opportunity of getting acquainted with them.

Mrs. Senator comes down just in time to receive her guests, who arrive at the dinner-hour. Nothing escapes the notice of the new member's wife. She observes the low-necked gowns and the swallow-tail coats. The fact that all arrive at about the same time does not escape her notice; also, that they do not apologize for being late. Her face lengthens, and she looks to her husband for sustaining power, but he also seems to be depressed. The dinner over, the new Congressman and his wife wend their way homeward, he declaring: "It's disgraceful, exposing their old bones in such a way—women old enough to be your mother, too." He says also that if every time he goes to dine with a friend he has got to wear one of those confounded claw-hammers, he will dine at home. The wife sadly agrees with him. But while she does not think décolleté gowns either modest, or even becoming, still she is mild in her denunciation. She is not ready to commit herself just yet. The precedent for low-neck dinner gowns seems to have been established. She feels that it is a case of "to be or not to be" at the dinner, and "to be" appears to have the argument all on its own side.

The next dinner invitation is accepted. She wears elbow sleeves and a V neck. The Congressman wears his black Prince Albert. Thus they approach and don the regulation dinner attire at easy stages. As they comment upon the fashions the family finally declare that the claw-hammer is convenient and economical. In the meantime madam gives some attention to her own attire. Her sleeves shrink up and the waist shrinks down, and at the next dining function the new Congressional wife is as much "in it" as anybody.

Finally the season closes and the new Congressman's wife returns to her district. She has a guilty feeling of possessing too much knowledge. She tells no one about the claw-hammer coat and the décolleté gown packed in the depths of the family trunk. The folks wouldn't understand. Her nerves undergo a series of shocks as numerous old friends promise themselves a visit to the capital. How she dreads the nightmare of their coming! She does not feel sufficiently at home as yet in her reconstructed clothes and manners to be able to teach others. But the time comes when she can receive the illest bred of her husband's constituents with the self-satisfied complacency of the old member's wife. All of Washington knows and recognizes this common burden, the duty to visiting constituency. The wives of public men carry the largest portion of this burden.

It is this new blood, new influence, entering into the official social life at the capital that makes it so charming. What if old Washington does look on and smile?

The Southerner comes with his spirit of genuineness, love, and hospitality, and infuses the atmosphere with it. The angular, muscular Westerner brings his broad-minded, enthusiastic wife, who proves that it is possible for any woman in the land to fill the place of a Congressman's wife. The Northerner and the New-Englander, with his energy and thrift, each brings his spouse to teach the others how to live.

In the minds of the women who have served through many social administrations there is ever a lingering memory that they, too, were once new members' wives. This has planted charity in the feminine breast. Everybody knows how it is, and thus everybody can go to the capital and enjoy themselves.

HARRYOT HOLT CAHOON.

Deep-water Harbor at San Pedro.

THE authorization by the Fifty-fourth Congress of the expenditure of two million nine hundred thousand dollars for the purpose of building a breakwater at San Pedro, California, assures another harbor of national importance. The Pacific coast is singularly deficient in harbors. This is especially the case with the littoral line of California. The coast of this State is as long as that of the Atlantic from the southern edge of Maine to the northern border of South Carolina, yet in all the State there are only two natural harbors where shipping can find an anchorage to ride through storms. These are at San Francisco and San Diego. The depot of southern California is Los Angeles, a city of about one hundred thousand persons, and surrounded by a highly-developed country, dotted with numerous towns. The contour of the coast along Los Angeles County is curved in bights which form bays, and the two principal of these bays are those of Santa Monica and San Pedro. At the northern end of the bight or gap which forms San Pedro Bay is



THE LANDING-PIER AT SAN PEDRO.

a promontory called Point Fermin. It is intended to start the new breakwater on a line with this point, twenty-one hundred feet from the shore, extend it on the same course three hundred feet, thence three degrees curve to the south about eighteen hundred feet, thence in a straight line thirty-seven feet to the end; making a total length of eight thousand five hundred feet. The structure will be of rubble, to which concrete will probably be added. It will lie in from forty to seventy feet of water, will be about two hundred and twenty-five feet across the bottom, twenty feet across the top, will contain about two million two hundred thousand cubic yards of material, and will stand about ten feet above the surface of high water. It will shield an area of about three hundred and forty acres, in which three hundred vessels of various sizes could safely lie at anchor. The land frontage of the inner harbor is four miles long, and on the outer harbor it will be four thousand three hundred feet. It is proposed, however, to so build the breakwater that, should conditions demand, it could be joined to the beach at Point Fermin and railroad-tracks could be laid along its top. This would allow wharves to be constructed against its inner side, and would add an additional frontage of about eight thousand feet.

As We Live Now.

THE LAND OF THE OREGON PINE.

THE age of romance had passed for the northwestern corner of the United States when Arthur A. Denny pitched his tent at the mouth of the Dawamish River, in sight of the spot on which the city of Seattle now stands; but he was content, for he had seen and talked with old Seal, in his wolf-skin jerkin, with an eagle's feather in his cap and a scalping-knife in his belt, and the chief had told him of the days when the shuffling bear and the stealthy wolf and the round-horned elk and the bellowing buffalo and the treacherous cougar trod alone the forests whose lofty Oregon pines and Douglas firs and spreading larches shut out the golden sunbeams from the dark pools where ferns and mosses grew, and he had himself picked up bones of the mastodon, which had trampled down the young trees and mired itself in sloughs long before the time when Belshazzar feasted at Babylon, and Cheops was laid to rest under his pyramid.

Time moves so swiftly that it seems an age since the present State of Washington was the dominion of the Hudson's Bay Company, and its only denizens wore out their lives in trapping furred animals for the remorseless corporation, and met their deaths stoically when the factor sentenced them for neglect or idleness; yet the last trading-post on the Columbia was only abandoned in the year of Lincoln's election. Seven years before, Oregon had sloughed off the Territory of Washington. He would have been a bold man who at that day had predicted that a time would come when the United States would look to that Territory and its resources as a promising basis for hopes of recovery from an era of general commercial depression. The time has come.

The State of Washington contains fewer people than the city of Boston. It was a desert when Ohio was a flourishing and populous State. It is so young that it has to borrow its public men from other States. But it has two resources which can never depreciate, and which must be for all time a source of wealth for itself and for the country at large.

The State is bisected by the Cascade range. One-third of it lies on the west of the range and two-thirds on the east. West of the mountains the country is a solid belt of fir, pine, cedar, spruce, and larch, growing on the site of another forest which died long ago. In places the roots of the new trees bestride the prostrate trunks of the old ones. It is said that this forest will supply the whole country with lumber when all other sources are exhausted. Mere figures give no idea of its extent. There are single mills which saw three hundred thousand feet a day, but it is reckoned that less than five per cent. of the trees have been cut down. The Oregon pine, which is also called the Douglas fir, sometimes rises two hundred and fifty feet from the ground, and often measures twelve feet in diameter at the base. Before the introduction of steel into ship-building materials it was used everywhere for masts and spars. The forest in which it grows is so dense that there is no room for branches except at the top. It and its brethren stand like a phalanx of giants, whose heads pierce the storm-clouds from Cape Flattery, and whose feet are planted like rocks in eternal shade.

The other resource of Washington is coal. Many different kinds of coal are found there. The kind most actively mined is called bituminous, because it contains more oxygen and volatile combustible matter than anthracite. The word is a misnomer; no coal contains bitumen. It is, perhaps, enough to say that the best coal thus far found in northwest Washington is not anthracite, and not lignite, while the Seattle coal, so-called, is a true lignite. It belongs to the cretaceous period which preceded the Tertiary age and was probably formed in the period when Mounts Rainier, Baker, and Adams were flooding eastern Washington with lava, and leaving western Washington to proceed with its carboniferous work.

Within fifty miles of the northernmost coal-mines of Washington the Wellington mines at Nanaimo, on Vancouver Island, are outputting a bituminous coal which compares favorably with the English and Australian coals. The geological conditions being the same, and the distance very short, it has been assumed that sooner or later the same coal will be found in Chatham, Jefferson, and Mason counties, Washington. Thus far that has not been the case, and, notwithstanding the duty, householders in San Francisco prefer the Vancouver coal. But vigorous exploration of the seams on the Skagit, the Snoqualmie, the Cowlitz, and other rivers are being prosecuted year by year, with high hopes of result. In the meantime the Seattle coal finds a ready market for steam purposes; about a million tons are shipped yearly to San Francisco. The quantity in sight is practically inexhaustible.

Twenty years ago there was a rush of well-to-do settlers to Washington. This continued until the population of the State swelled to nearly four hundred thousand. It was obvious that a State with such resources and with eight hundred miles of inland navigable waters must be a good place to do business in; fathers had no hesitation in sending their sons to seek their fortunes there in preference to California. The new-comers were almost uniformly prosperous until a wild speculation broke

out in city lots and land generally. Like all young Americans, the new Washingtonians wanted to make their fortunes in twenty minutes, and lots in Seattle came to be worth almost as much as lots in New York. A reaction was inevitable; when the crisis struck Puget Sound, oh, my! what a shrinkage there was!

Still, the Washingtonians have good grit, and those who could hang on to their property. Tacoma, smiling on the traveler from her woodbines, and pointing to her copses and her ruddy meadows, rich with sorrel, and her majestic mountain with its white crest and its purple sides, and the milky stream of the Puyallup, opened her arms to the Northern Railroad and demanded indignantly of the stranger where on this planet could a paradise be found like Skookumhook. Rising superior to local jealousy, Seattle emerged from the half-baked condition which offended Mr. Ingersoll's eye, and took on metropolitan airs, with electric cars and electric lights and fine hotels and stunning theatres, and the wickedest resort of vice on the Pacific, and broad streets which run up-hill to terraced heights, and still broader streets which run down-hill to a bay which is a reproduction of the Bay of Naples, and a population of sixty thousand, every man of whom was in a hurry. Seattle is bound to be a metropolis, and she knows it. Sometime in the twentieth century, or perhaps a little later, people will say Seattle and New York, or Seattle and London.

Both cities are peopled by young men, and young men of the right stock. Some of the best families in the East are represented there, and almost all the settlers are of pure American breed. The citizens have not yet broadened to the point of eschewing anti-Chinese prejudice, but that will come. A Seattle man the other day announced his intention of visiting Li Hung Chang to point out what China would gain by the establishment of a line of steamers to Seattle; he was probably primed and cocked with a reply in case the Chinese statesman asked him about the working of the Restriction Act in his city.

Both cities have sprung into new life since the gold discoveries on the Yukon. From Seattle to Juneau the time by steamer is only three days; if there be an Eastern exodus to the diggings next summer it will start from that point or from Tacoma. When a railroad is built across the Chilkoot or the White Pass, and fast light draught steamers are launched on the lake, and the upper Yukon, the Klondike will only be some ten days from Seattle and fifteen days from New York. Seattle will become the base of operations and the depot for miners' supplies and it will not then be of as much importance as it seemed last year for the seaport on Puget Sound to encourage the establishment of steamship lines to Japan. In a single year San Francisco gained forty thousand population in consequence of the discovery at Sutter's mill. And it had no railroad to the East, nor even a single line of steamers.

Seated on the western slope of the Olympic Mountains, the traveler sees the setting sun shed blurred rays over the beetling crags of Cape Flattery, and in the distance the surf break on the white bones of dead ships on Destruction Island. At Cape Flattery it always blows, and it almost always rains. Forming far out at sea, rain-clouds come rolling in, sweep over the frowning head of the Storm King, and spend their rage on the flanks of the Cascade range. On their way they deposit sixty inches of rain yearly; the howling west wind never seems to tire of lashing the tree-tops with its salty scum.

Cape Flattery recalls Victor Hugo's description of the Channel Islands, but the scenery here is on a far grander scale. The mountain frowns on the sea with an awful calm. Round it gigantic rocks, which were torn from its flanks in some terrible storm, stand like a body-guard, and quiver and tremble when the spray dashes over them. Angry waves of the Pacific have gnawed holes all up the face of the cliff, and have burrowed under it. In deep caverns stretching to black, remote abysses the seal hobnobs with the giant crab and the sea-spider and the devil-fish, and other obscene monsters, among whom star-fishes and sea-anemones shrink shyly from sight; above, in hollows in the perpendicular rock, violet-crested cormorants, guillemots, ducks, gulls, petrels, and myriads of other sea-fowl build their nests, and try to outscreech the roar of the sea when the stormy wind doth blow; and higher up still, blue and yellow lupines and showy lichens peer out of crevices to get a look at the face of the sun.

There are two countries, two climes, two zones, in Washington—the region of the Oregon pine and the region of the basalt desert. East of the Cascade range stretch two hundred miles of flat prairie, which Mount Rainier, Mount Adams, and Mount Baker long ago buried under fifteen hundred feet of lava, and which the coast rains do not reach. In Pierce County plants are sometimes drowned out; thirty miles east, in Kittitas County, they will not grow for want of moisture. From the foot-hills of the range to the border of Idaho the story of the volcanoes is told by a flat, brown, desolate prairie, dotted here and there by green patches where a top dressing of volcanic ash bids plants to sprout, and deeply seamed by river and stream which have furrowed channels for themselves many feet below the surface. Some day, perhaps, verdure and crops will be spread over the whole region by the fertilizing power of water.

There was a man, long ago, who foresaw the glory of Washington. He was a Yankee; he was a born explorer; his name was Nathaniel Jarvis Wyeth. His was the nature which loved to watch the stars under the still moonlight, and to listen to the neighing of the elk, the lowing of the buffalo, the hooting of the owl, and the splash of the beaver as it dropped into the pool. But the Hudson's Bay Company was too strong for him. "We have compelled," wrote Governor Pelly, "the American adventurer to retire from the contest." So they had; and poor Wyeth, broken in spirit and in purse, returned to his home in Cambridge, Massachusetts, to die "a visionary and a failure."

JOHN BONNER.

A National Editorial Resort.

THE National Editorial Association of the United States, a body representing ten thousand editors, and composed of delegates from every State in the Union, has decided to establish a winter resort and home in Florida, where members of the craft may go for rest, recreation, and study. The location selected is at Interlachen, Putnam County, where a fifty-room hotel, surrounded by groves, has been donated, and groves and lands aggregating in value to twenty-five thousand dollars have been added by the citizens of the place as an inducement to locate. We present herewith a view of the proposed resort. Interlachen is about fifty miles south of Jacksonville, on the Plant system of railways, is easily accessible, and is in the high, healthy lake region, one hundred and fifty feet above sea level. The resort



THE NEW NATIONAL EDITORIAL RESORT, INTERLACHEN, FLORIDA.
By courtesy of the National Printer Journalist.

is to be opened this fall, and an auditorium for Chautauqua and other assembly purposes is to be built in time for dedication on Franklin's birthday, January 17th, 1898.

Yesterday.

WHAT is yesterday?
Yesterday is to-day grown tired and still
With feet at rest and heart made mute and chill;
Tearless, unsmiling, unremembering.
And unregretting; . . . gone as far away
As the first night and morn. . . . A wail and stray
Lost in eternity, is yesterday! MADELINE S. BRIDGES.

Have You Asthma or Hay-Fever?

THE New African Kola plant is Nature's botanic cure for Asthma and Hay-Fever. Mr. A. C. Lewis, editor of the *Farmer's Magazine*, writes that it cured him when he could not lie down at night for fear of choking. Rev. J. L. Coombs, of Martinsburg, West Virginia, testifies to his entire cure after thirty years' suffering, and many others give similar testimony. Its cures are really wonderful. If you suffer, we advise you to send to the Kola Importing Company, 1164 Broadway, New York, who will send you a large case by mail, free, to prove its power. It costs you nothing, and you should surely try it. *

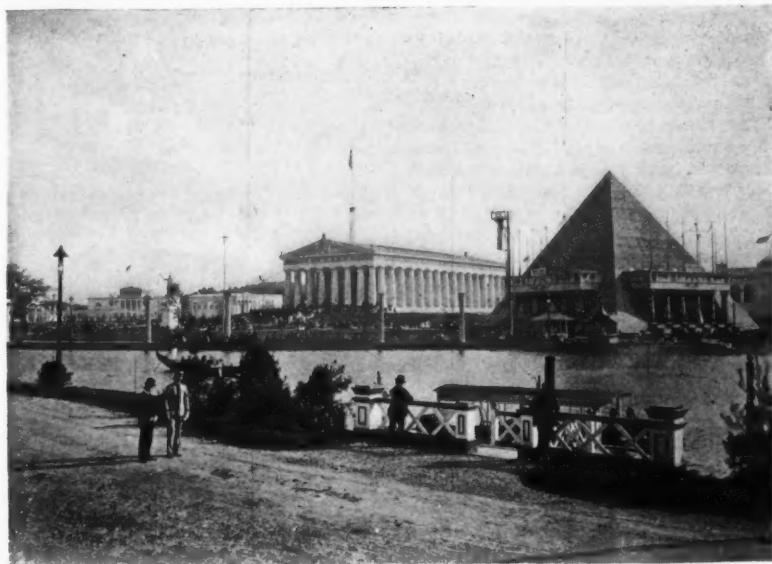
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VIEW FROM THE STEPS OF THE PARTHENON, SHOWING STATUE OF PALLAS ATHENE.



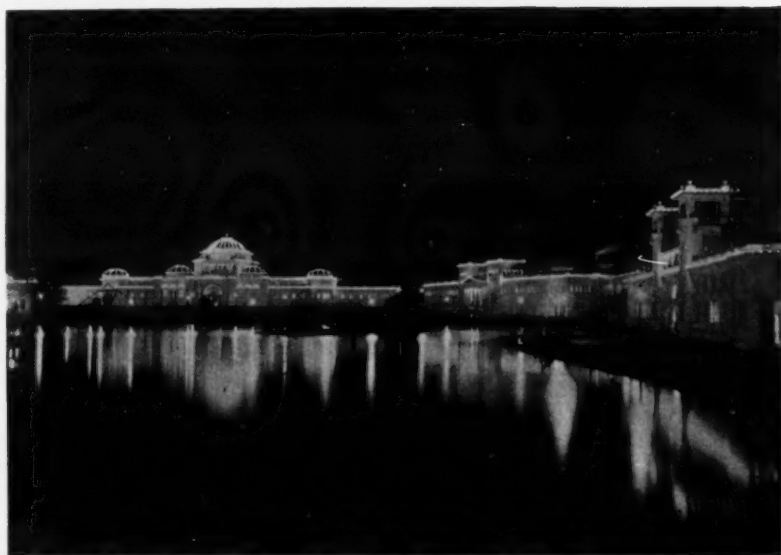
PARTHENON AND PYRAMID, FROM THE WEST SHORE OF LAKE WATANGA.



IN FRONT OF THE PARTHENON, AFTER A CONCERT AT THE AUDITORIUM.



STREET OF CAIRO.



NIGHT SCENE ON LAKE WATANGA—MACHINERY, AGRICULTURE, AND NEGRO BUILDINGS.

THE TENNESSEE STATE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION AT NASHVILLE.

(SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 151.)



JAMES MICHAEL, CHAMPION.



J. FRANK STARBUCK.



MICHAEL FOLLOWING HIS SEXTUPLET PACEMAKERS.

THE THIRTY-THREE-MILE BICYCLE RACE, AT MANHATTAN BEACH, BETWEEN MICHAEL AND STARBUCK, FOR THE WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP.

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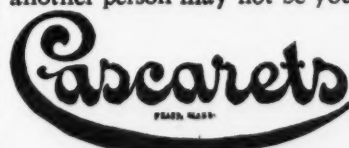
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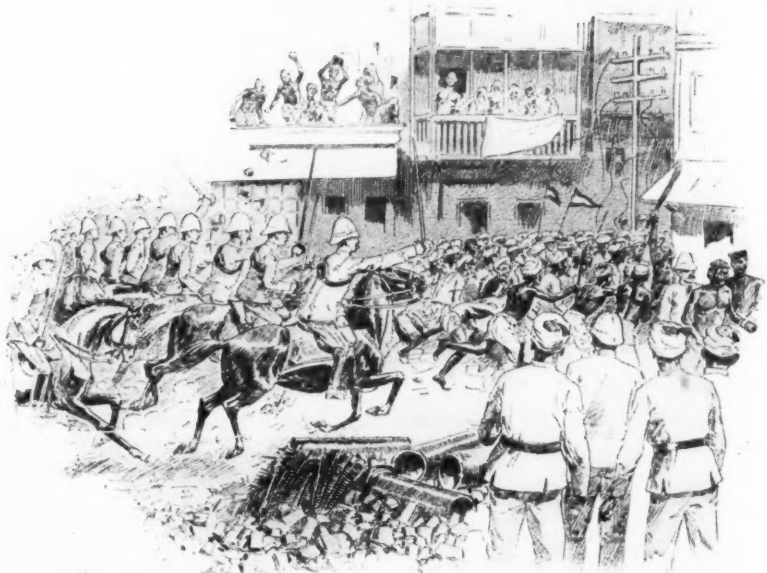
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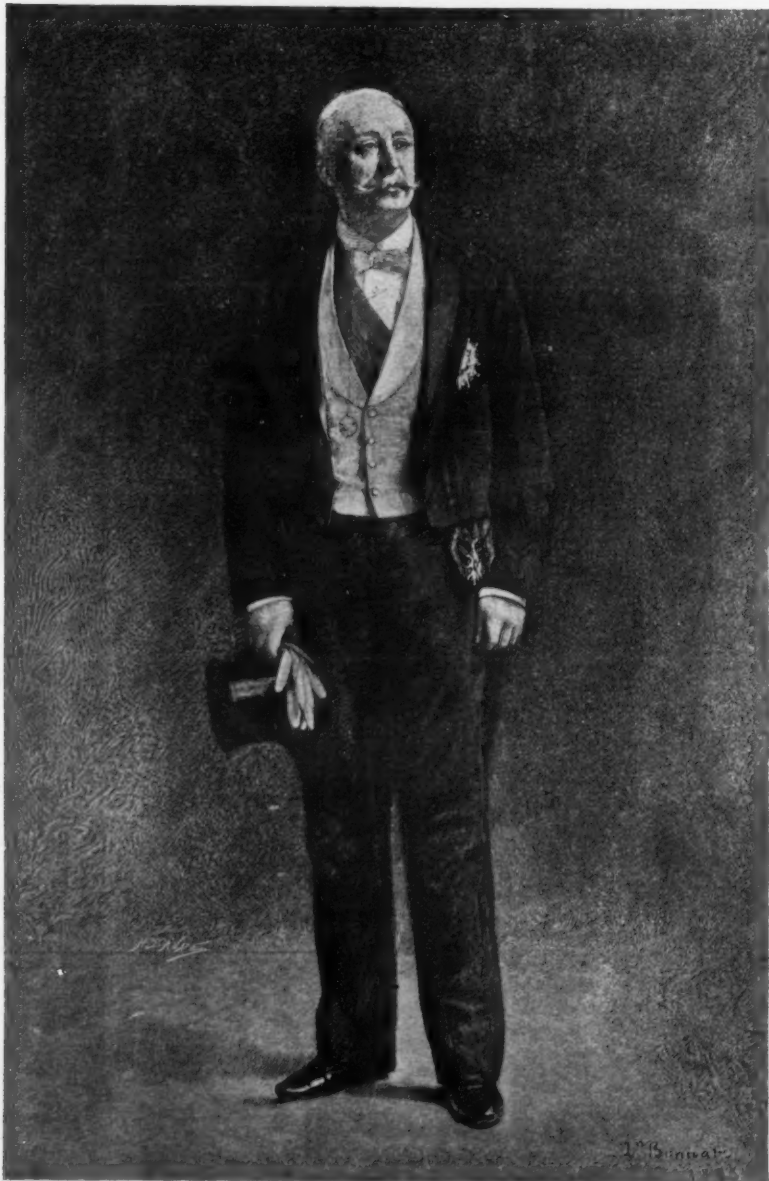
FORT OF CHAKDARA, ON THE RIVER SWAT, NORTHERN INDIA—SCENE OF RECENT UPRISING OF TRIBESMEN.—*London Graphic.*



LIGHT-HORSE VOLUNTEERS CHARGING RIOTERS IN CALCUTTA.
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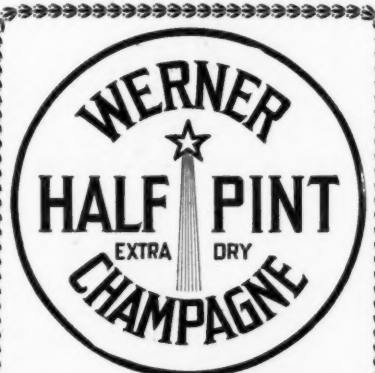
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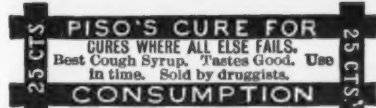
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